THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Modern Astronomy.

ARTS and sciences, like kingdoms and empires, have each in their turn, some happy period of glory and splendor, in which they receive peculiar attention, and become the favorite object and pursuit of the age. To be exempt from a destiny so ignoble and inglorious, some sciences are however privileged; which owing to the extent of their application and the grandeur of their results, when fame has once proclaimed their existence and published their advancement, forever maintain their lofty preeminence. Of this nature is the science of Astronomy, a science the boldest and most comprehensive within the sphere of human investigation.

As we gaze at the close of day on the concave vault of heaven, the western sky appears beautifully illuminated by the setting sun. Soon its brightness fades away into a deepening twilight, darkness increases, and night comes on; till the wide-spreading firmament exhibits to our view a thousand fires that never cease to burn, and we contemplate, in all its splendor, the glorious spectacle of the starry vault. Those brilliant lights which never fail to take their accustomed places, and never rest from their slow and solemn and noiseless march, but continue to illuminate and adorn heaven's vast and magnificent dome, are the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars; which during the day are eclipsed by the superior brightness of the sun. These celestial bodies rise from their chambers in the east, describe the circuit of the heavens and at length descend in the west. Presently, over the eastern sky, while "darkness from her ebon throne, in silent majesty extends her leaden sceptre o'er the world," a whitening lustre shoots its tender beam—a presage of the opening dawn and the approaching day. As this light gradually increases, the moon and stars fade away, and the sun, emerging from the far-extended ocean, pours over the face of nature, an exhaustless flood of light. Like the stars he ascends and passing through the heavens, declines and disappears in the west, when all the phenomena of night again present themselves.

As the heavens are the most grand and sublime spectacle that offers itself to our contemplation, so as a subject of philosophical inquiry, they have engaged the attention and excited the admiration of every age. Their history carries us back to the earliest times, and introduces us to the languages and customs, the religion and poetry, the sciences and arts of the different nations of the earth. The magi of Persia and the shepherds of Chaldea, the mandarines of China and the bramins of India, the polished inhabitants of Greece and the wandering tribes of Arabia, have all aided more or less in laying together the imperishable materials of this magnificent structure—an enduring monument of the genius and perseverance of man. They whose imaginations soared up to the sphere of the fixed stars, have either by their division of the heavens into constellations, or by their explanations of celestial phenomena, left some memorial of themselves and their age. The constellations present a faithful picture alike of the rude and the cultivated stages of human society. They ascend to times of which no other record exists, and are destined to survive when others are no more. Here are preserved in imperishable characters, the fragments of history and the inventions of genius, here are celebrated the exploits of heroes and the fancies of poets, and here are consecrated the lyre of Orpheus and the telescope of Herschel.

The ancients, regarding the earth as the centre of the universe, fancied that the blue and cloudless sky was a hollow chrystalline sphere, in which were immovably fixed the heavenly bodies, and that their various motions were occasioned by its diurnal revolution. Perceiving by more accurate observation, that the relative position of some of these bodies essentially varied, they assigned to each planet a sphere of its own; and as new motions and irregularities were discovered, the number of spheres was gradually increased, till the heavens were filled with these cumbersome appendages.

But in view of the science of Astronomy, at the present day, it were needless to observe, that, in explaining the phenomena of the celestial bodies, in tracing their paths as they wander through the fields of infinite space, and in ascertaining that eternal law which unites in one harmonious whole, the mighty fabric of the heavens, wild were the conjectures and erroneous the conclusions of all antiquity. Suffice it to say, that however important may have been the many incidental observations then made, no regular and consistent theory had been proposed, till Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and La

Place, arose, and bursting asunder the fetters of prejudice and authority, effected an entire revolution in the history of this science, and established the truth on the lasting basis of observation and experience.

Copernicus, embarrassed by the complicated machinery of concentric spheres, and perceiving their entire inconsistency with the simplicity of nature, was led to renounce this absurd and gratuitous hypothesis, and to adopt the system which places the sun in the centre of the planetary world, and ascribes to the earth a two-fold motion. And though this system at first attracted but little attention, and was rejected even by the astronomers of that period, yet it was revived and overthrew the philosophy of Aristottle—alarmed the hierarchy of Rome, and rendered every hypothesis, unsupported by conclusive evidence, questionable and unsatisfactory.

Among the many individuals who have contributed to the advancement and perfection of this science, may also be mentioned the distinguished Galileo—who by his improvemcnt of the *telescope*, and by its application to astronomical observations, has enabled our vision to penetrate the remotest regions of space, and to explore fields which lie far, far beyond the ordinary range of its powers. While surveying through this medium the moon walking in brightness, and almost lighting up by its borrowed splendor another day, we are delighted by the apparent resemblance between that luminary and the earth which we inhabit. And taking a more enlarged view, we are soon convinced that those celestial orbs, which, with their shining retinue of rings, and satelites, and atmospheres, hold on in their glorious way, amid the bright worlds of heaven, are of a nature nowise different from the ponderous and opaque substance of our globe. And directing our attention still further, to those fixed stars which gild the canopy of heaven, we are not only filled with admiration on seeing them almost infinitely increased beyond the number of those perceptible to the naked eye, but are also astonished at finding that they are so many suns, each throned in the centre of his own dominions, and pouring a flood of light over his own portion of these illimitable regions. Such are some of the discoveries made by means of the telescope, and in consequence of which views are entertained of the heavens far more consistent both with the simplicity and the magnificence of nature.

But amid a succession of discoveries, so signal and so splendid, and at a time when the light of science dawning on the world—darted its rays into regions the most remote from physical inquiry—little was known concerning the *true laws* which regulated the heavenly bodies. The honor of such a discovery was destined for the immortal Newton.

" He took his ardent flight
" Through the blue infinite; and every star
" Which the clear concave of a winter's night
" Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube
" Far stretching snatches from the dark abyss,
" Or such as farther in successive skies
" To fancy shine alone, at his approach
" Blazed into suns—the living centre each
" Of a harmonious system; all combined
" And ruled unerring by that single power
" Which draws the stone projected to the ground."

One of the most splendid discoveries, however, which adorn the history of this science was reserved for the late justly celebrated Marquis De La Place. By a method of investigation equally simple and sublime, he has demonstrated that the reciprocal action of the planets, and the deviation of their figures from a spherical form, can never produce any essential alteration in their motions and distances—that their eccentricities vary within certain limits—that the multiplied derangements and many disturbances which have so long perplexed the ingenuity of astronomers, are periodical; and so far from indicating a defect either in the design or the execution of any part, only evince the stability of the world.

And while vicissitude is stamped on all terrestrial things: while plants arise and flourish and decay—while animals have their periods of growth and decline—even man with his exquisite frame and his finer organs is not exempt from this general law: while nations are privileged only with a more protracted existence; and the firm earth itself partakes so much of change, that the sea once heaved its waves where now rolls a tide of wealth and population. It is pleasing to reflect that even among created objects we can dwell on an enduring scene—can contemplate laws immutable, and an order that has never been interrupted—can fix not only the thoughts but the eye on those bright worlds which, since the "morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy," have continued to move with the same regularity, and to shine with the same pure and heavenly lustre, and which, until the action of some external power intervenes, will continue to hold on in their glorious way, supported by the hand "that rules unseen the rolling spheres, and guides Arcturus with his sons." F.

Farewell of the Spanish Patriot,

WHEN DRIVEN INTO EXILE.

Land of my fathers! once of mine,
And once, of high-born souls the nurse;
Long wav'd unstain'd yon flag of thine,
But now a dark and withering curse

Has sullied thy once-honor'd name,
And blotted all thy ancient fame.

Thou wert my country, but thou art
My country and my home no more:
I cannot with unbursting heart
See iron-handed tyrants, o'er
Thy glorious land the sceptre wield,
Where freedom's song so often peal'd.

No! sooner far than live a slave,
Even in so fair a land as thine,
The tempests of the north I'd brave,
Its storms, and snows, and freedom mine:
For even the eternal snows are dear,
If freedom makes her dwelling there.

Or where the ocean billows foam
Against some wild and far-off shore,
I'll find, with liberty, a home
Beyond the reach of tyrant power;
And I will find, in death, a grave
Untrampled by the fawning slave.

The wind is up, and when the dark
Shall settle on the booming sea,
I will be gone, and yonder bark
Be all the world, awhile, to me.
And then farewell! thou wave-beat strand!
Farewell, for aye, my native land!

Along thy hills the setting sun
Is flinging now his dying light—
Oh! hadst thou but a race have seen
Glorious like his, and ended bright,
While nations, with astonish'd gaze,
Look'd upon thy expiring blaze!

Oh! that round freedom's sacred fane
Thy recreant sons had fearless stood,
And to the last had there been slain,
Quenching its holy flame in blood!
Then had thy name on glory's page
Shone down to every future age.

The flag of freedom was unroll'd
And o'er the arm'd battallions wav'd—
A thousand tongues in thunder told
We would not live and be enslaved;
And had that spirit still remain'd
The oppressor's blood our shores had stain'd.

But shameless race, ye worse than slaves,
The tyrant's bloody hand ye took,
And, standing on your father's graves,
Bent down to his ignoble yoke;
And still in coward meekness bear
What your brave sires had scorn'd to wear.

I leave you to your coward fate—
I will not shed a single tear
To see you writhe beneath the weight
Of your proud conqueror's triumph car.
Down may he grind you to the dust,
Deserters of your country's trust.

But I will weep to see you tread
The soil once trodden by your sires—
Weep that the noble spirit 's fled
That once an altar for its fires
Beheld in every Spanish breast,
Whatever land his footsteps press'd.

D.

Deacon

Credulity.

Desire and fear are two great principles of human action. Men are ever eager for novelty, but fearful of danger; and generally disposed o believe whatever harmonizes with their wishes and calms their fears. The common tendency of these passions has been towards unbounded credulity. We find that mankind, destitute of the word of God and moral principle, have been tossed about by the breath of arrogant princes, the unfounded opinions of dogmatists, and the pretensions of priests; till no usurper was too base to be followed, no chimerical hypothesis too absurd to be believed, no creature too diminutive to receive the honors and titles of a god, nor any sacrifice too extravagant to appease his anger. Egypt, Carthage, and India seemed to vie with each other in the most shocking customs. The shrieks of the helpless infant, while broiled in the brazen, red-hot arms of Moloch, in the opinion of the Carthaginians, averted the divine wrath; the ichneumon, the cat, and the scaly crocodile of the Nile, received the honors of the supplicating knee; and the mourning widow of the east was compelled to throw herself into the flames that cousumed her husband, to secure an inheritance of blessedness and peace. The six hundred objects of religious worship among the Romans, show to what extent that renowned nation had become infatuated; but the Boodhists of India, seem to have surpassed all other men in extravagant chimeras. They are taught that there are four superior heavens, that below these are twelve other heavens, followed by six inferior heavens, after which follows the earth, then the world of snakes, then thirty-two chief hells, to which are to be added one hundred and twenty hells of milder torments. What fools are men when left to drift upon the ocean of imagination without the pilot reason!

We are accustomed to believe according to the weight of testimony, and to reject every system which does not bring with it incontestible evidence of its truth; and had no evils resulted from these inconsistencies, we might laugh at their credulity and let the past sink into oblivion. But many of the objects of heathen worship were supposed to be filled with anger, malice, revenge, deceit, and every vile passion, which rankles in the bosom of man. One was often represented at war with another; and the groans of mangled deities, and clouds of vapor rising from their warm blood, was said to roll through the Elysian fields, which were paved with the whitened bones of slaughtered heroes. One grinds with foaming jaws the trembling limbs, and sucks the spouting gore of the conquered, whilst others, idle, stand around, till touched with grief, they fly in rage to the sufferer, pour into his nostrils the breath of fury, to enable him to grapple anew with his staunch foe.—While they believed that superior beings whom they worshipped were thus employed; what must they have thought was the duty of man?

Erroneous principles of action were imbibed—revenge and murder were considered heavenly virtues; hatred, contentions, and tumults, and wars were approved, and have always been shaking the world. Nation rising against nation, in the belief that a propitious deity accompanied them, were led to desperation. The hero's heart, steeled with praises, moved not at the wailings of his foes. The dazzling lustre of helmets and swords, the prospect of a glory from men and the favor of the gods, led him on fearless of death through the crimson fields of battle. While we view the evils resulting from the cruelties of former ages and distant regions, let us turn our attention to our native and enlightened land, and see what remains can here be found. In the early periods of New-England the doctrine of ghosts and witches was extensively prevalent. It was generally believed, that a certain race of invisible beings on the black wings of night sailed around grave-yards, uninhabited mansions, and thick waving forests, uttering doleful groans, and at times assuming unearthly appearances, to warn men of cruel monsters, and direful events. Who of us have not sat and listened to some aged man of marvellous words? Who of us when the flickering blaze of the candle grew dim, and frightful darkness played around the shaded corners of the house, have not been shocked at the black shadows in the room, and with suspended breath and cold shivering moved towards the light in firm belief that monsters dwelt in darkness. Need I mention the evils, that have been entailed upon our land by these pretended appearances? Shall I number the families, which have been disturbed in their balmy slumbers by the slow opening door and the silent white-robed visitor; or point to the solitary traveller gazing with terror at the shooting star? Shall I recount the accidents of unlucky days, and the delays of important enterprizes?—No—These awful phantoms have long since began to disappear; and credulity, that blazing meteor, which for so many ages has dazzled the superstitious world, verges towards the horizon, and grows pale before the embodied light of liberal science.

At present many in view of the evils of credulity, relinquish all hopes of arriving at any immutable principles of natural philosophy, ethics, or religion—doubt their own senses—discard every system, and thus guide their bark across the strait of reason, experience and sacred truth, and furiously dash upon the fatal rocks of skepticism. The voice of nature, though loud and distinct, sometimes falls upon the ear, and leaves no traces of conviction upon the mind. Witness her contending elements. The tornado, and the black gathering storm, call upon all around to keep silence. Destruction commences—the fragments of houses, trees and rocks whirl in the air, and in their fall crush trembling men. The mountains groan, and the ocean roars, while the lurid lightning shoots athwart the heavens, and the thunder lifts up his voice. Who wields the elements and guides the angry tempest? Who created and sustains the world? Who lighted up the sun, and garnished the heavens with stars? There are those who tremble at the display of almighty power and wrath—who pretend not to discern the agency, and deny the existence of a God. Though the bible, tested by the flames of Sinai, the opening earth, the bursting tombs, and the risen dead, radiates immortality, they lock themselves in dungeons, and declare there is no light beyond the grave. We refer not only to those who have been noted for their imposing style and fallacious reasoning in their attempts to corrupt the minds of men, but to those, also, who, by a false glare of wisdom, have been so duped and debased, as to turn with contempt from all others, while they vainly assume to themselves the palm of infallibility. They seem to forget, that at the same time they reject all evidence of the correctness of others opinions, they are obliged to establish certain principles, and that these principles may be ill founded. They pretend to obey the voice of reason, but they wantonly close every avenue to truth, and are as often influenced by phantoms as the veriest devotee of superstition.

Though some veer towards skepticism, and others toward unbounded credulity, the true philosopher and wise man marches onward in the high way of reason to the exalted region of eternal truth. It was upon that region that the immortal Bacon took his stand and blowed the trump of reason.—The nations listened. He loudly proclaimed, that experiment is the foundation of philosophy—that by experience we may form maxims or general principles; but that hypotheses without experience, or revelation, was the creature of ignorance. The minds of men, like the earth in its chaotic state, had long remained without form and void, and darkness hung over them. Now the era arrived when the darkness fled, the waters retired, and the dry land appeared. Now the pure principles of philosophy and religion shoot forth and flourish in their native luxuriancy. Since that time the philosopher carries with him no magical wand, throws around him no mystical shades, but like the peerless sun he throws the unsullied beams of science upon the opening fields of the human understanding. And our holy religion, with credentials from heaven, seeks protection under no drawn sword or monarch's arm. She hides not in the ante-chamber of the pope, nor

Painted by Newton. Engraved by Danforth.

ISABEL.

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in the cloister of the monk—with no weapon but truth, she goes forth in the world conquering and to conquer. She flies not at the approach of the light of science, but is herself the living fountain of light. Idols fall like Dagon at her presence. Superstition lifts her frightful form, but soon shrinks back, groans and dies. The skeptic whets his sword, arms himself for combat, and marches out in bold defiance, but at the sight of truth he quails and flies in dismay; and though the grim monarch, Death—though all the powers on earth should arise to oppose her progress, still her banner is *victory*. When we reflect upon the tardy progress of true religion and philosophy, upon the number that have fallen victims to the rage of kings in their attempts to correct the belief of men, we cannot but rejoice in the prospect that now opens before us. The power of princes consists not merely in the number of subjects, extent of territory and military stores. Moral principle sways her sceptre over individuals and nations. Right and obligation form the golden everlasting chain, which binds man to man, and man to God. Mankind seek for right and justice, and though there remain an infinite variety of opinions, yet we may rationally indulge the fond hope, that as the door of truth is opened, all will gradually march to her sacred temple, that the east and the west, the north and the south, will come and join in her perpetual praise. Z.

Friendship.—Musings.

The moon now went up in heaven, and led on her bright pageant of stars, but they had lost their loveliness, for I could not gaze on them alone. He was gone,—the last of my earthly friends.—*Observer, No. x.*

O, what is friendship? I have seen
The light of heart and gay of soul
Pledge life for life; and I have been
Where sparkling wines and eyes control
The present passing thought, and fill
The spirit with their witchery,
And win the lip to smiles; and still
When thought regained its energy
I kenned those revel-hours, and knew
That Fancy's friendships were untrue—
That hopes and joys are not divine
That float upon the waves of wine.
Love that is lighted by bright eyes
Has not its birth-place in the skies.
Go ask the stars that long have shone
Together from the same bright throne
In heaven. Ask of the crystal drops that ride
From year to year, and age to age,
Through the blue ether side by side,
And own no earthly vassalage.
Ask of the glorious pearls that sleep
Down in the sea where the coral bed
Conceals the sparkling twins of the deep;
And the dark rock lifts its giant head
Still as the marble that marks the dead.
Ask of the souls that long have felt
A deep communing—that have knelt
At the same shrine—together drawn
One breath; and watched the silver dawn,
The noon-day sky, the clear twilight,
The richness, heaven-born, of the night,
Together—ask them what may be
Pure friendship; and they answer *thee*,—
The lights mysterious, oft' that fly
Athwart the far-off northern sky.
Long have their flitting wings unfurl'd,
And shed their glories o'er the world;
And yet ye know not if their birth
Belongs to sky, or air, or earth.
Ye hear the rattling gust that throws
A wildness o'er the soul; and ye
Listen the twilight breeze that knows
A thousand odors—can ye see
Their homes?—They come, they bless, they ride
Away—ye know not where they hide—
In waking hours ye think, and dream
In sleep; and can ye stay a beam
Of passing thought by night or day,
And mark its hidden workiugs? say—
Ye see the polar fires—ye feel
The passing breath of heaven, and kneel
Before the calm and holy shrine
Of thought; and yet ye can 't control
Nor fire, nor wind, nor this divine,
This hidden working of the soul.
Nor can we tell what friendship is,
And yet to feel its witcheries
Within ourselves: Oh, it is even
A full and a sweet foretaste of Heaven. MONTREUIL.

The Broken Heart.

"Yes! lovely flower! at morning hour
"Thy beauteous colors bloomed,
"But now, alas! thy glory 's fled,
"Thy name must mingle with the dead!"

On one of those delightful evenings of autumn when nature, though unadorned in the more attractive loveliness of spring, still claims, by the beauty and grandeur of her scenery, the ingenuous adoration of the heart, young Isabel wandered near a stream that flowed gently past her father's dwelling. The full moon, just visible above the eastern horizon, threw its rich stream of light across the landscape that stretched away in silence, unbroken but by the low murmur of the rivulet, and the more unwelcome sounds of business and of mirth that were borne on the night-wind from the adjacent village.—The stars, those gorgeous lights that flame along the sky, gave an unrivalled sublimity to the prospect, and seemed to ask the soul away to realms where felicity is found unmingled in the cup of sorrow. The season of the year—emblem of the decline of life—presented a subject for meditation, melancholy, it is true, and yet abundant in interest and instruction. Indeed all things, though robed in the dreary livery of death, furnished allurements which would have disposed any mind unoccupied with its own reflections, to survey the scene and indulge the warmest and noblest emotions. Yet Isabel moved onward unconscious of the glories that shone around her. In vain smiled the heavens and the earth. Within her breast grief held supreme control. For her, hope—that ministering angel of man's life—had no delights. From her lovely eyes gushed a flood of tears, whose

fountain was the anguish of her heart. A letter which she held seemed the source of her affliction. As she raised it and gazed upon the page, she sobbed aloud, and casting a look towards Heaven, she exclaimed, in accents the most doleful and despondent, "My God! my God! is anguish, then, my portion! Are all my joyous hopes to vanish thus? Shall no ray of gladness henceforth cheer this heart of mine Oh! days of bliss, gone by!—

Would that my spirit then had flown
To realms where treach'ry is unknown—
Where reign eternal peace and joy
Which no black passions can destroy!
Oh! gladly would I lay my head
This night within the grave's cold bed!"

A sound fell on her ear—"Child!" said her stern old father, who had followed her closely, "you are mad! Give me that letter, and retire, immediately, to your room." She dared not disobey, though assured that her obedience sealed, inevitably sealed her doom to misery! She walked silently, but sadly to her apartment, and her heartless parent after musing awhile, perchance upon the wretchedness of his daughter, returned to his home and his pillow. The letter which had thrown the beautiful, warm-hearted Isabel into such a paroxysm of distress, was from Roland, to whom she had been attached from "childhood's earliest hour." This affection had been mutual and ardent. It was not of that cold, calculating kind to which mental excellence is no attraction, but of that high, ennobling cast which makes its object truly worthy. Theirs was love which seemed as dear and as permanent as life—it seemed a feeling too holy to inhabit quietly the bosom of mortals. His country called Roland to stand forth in defence of her honor. He listened to her mandate. Tearing himself from the society of friends and from the presence of that dearest friend—Isabel—he met the arrogant English foe. Months had now rolled away, and Isabel had this evening received the first intelligence respecting him to which she had given credence. Report had published his death—but her fond heart still clung to the hope that he yet survived. She now knew his situation. He was a prisoner, and had received a wound which the physicians had declared must terminate his life, or at least deform his person. The letter purported to be written by his attendant. A postcript was added, however, which seemed to be his own hand writing. "Dear Isabel," said he, "let not my death overwhelm you; yet I would not be too soon forgotten—the cold hand of death I fear is on me. Oh! remember Roland!" This was anguish keen enough. But this was not all. Since Roland's departure, an ugly, self-conceited, despicable, but rich old bachelor had proffered Isabel his hand. Her father favored his attentions, and on the morning after he had taken the letter from her, he invited her to walk with him. He told her that if Roland had returned, he could not have assented to her union with him, but now he must insist upon her compliance with his wishes, governed as he was by a disinterested but strong desire to see her happy. Said he "the arrangements are all made, and one week from this time you will be the bride, and if you please, the happy bride of Mr Senseless. The words seemed to chill her very life-blood. Sinking at his feet, she cried "spare me, Oh! my father! sacrifice not your child, your only child at the shrine of avarice, let her prolong her existence, which at best must be wretched, by the labor of her hands, rather than endure the splendid misery to which you would doom her. "Unless your commands are revoked she will be adorned as the bride of—Death!" "Rise, child," said the old man, "one week from this evening thou shalt be a bride!—Prophetic delaration! FITZ-EUSTACE.

(*Concluded next No.*)

Laurence

Death of the Indian Chief.

FROM THE PIONEERS.

They stood in silence. Nature seem'd with awe
To view the scene. Not even the soft wind blew—
An awful stillness reign'd. Heaven seem'd to mourn
His spirit's passage to its deathless bourne.
His dark eye fix'd, piercing the veil that hung
'Twixt life and death, the Chief his death-strain sung.

"I come—I come—to the land of the just—
"No Delaware fears to lie in the dust—
"No Mohican shrinks from the cold grasp of death—
"The Great Spirit calls and I yield up my breath.
"I honor'd my father, my mother I lov'd,
"To my tribe I have proved fatihful and true,
"The Mingoes I've slain, my valor I've prov'd,
"The Great Spirit calls, my brothers adieu.

"What Mingo can say that he e'er saw my back?
"What Mingo escap'd when I follow'd his track?
"What enemy, trusting, have I ever betray'd?
"What Del'ware can say that Mohican e'er lied?
* * * * * * * * * *

"My fathers now call me! I go to that land [band.
"Where their spirits are gone:—I will join their bright
"No pale face is there, but just Indians and brave—
"I'll no more meet the white man beyond the cold grave:
"Let the tomahawk, wampum, the pipe and the bow,
"Fit only for warriors pure-blooded and true,
"Be all in the grave with Mohican laid low—
"I go to my fathers—my brothers adieu."

Nature mourn'd. The quiv'ring lightning play'd,
As if to light his spirit through the shade.
Large drops, as tears, fell from the heavens above,
As if they wept through sympathy and love.
The pealing thunder broke the solemn spell—
The warrior rose, he knew the signal well;
His glazed eye brighten'd—pointing to the west—
One throb of gladness heav'd his swelling breast—
The last Mohican sank in an eternal rest.

RONALD.

Living Stone.

A Night Scene.

It was upon one of those evenings, when every thing conspires to render a night scene lovely and interesting, that we commenced our ride, over a tract of country, celebrated in the records of our early history. The sun had descended behind the neighboring mountains, which extended along the western horizon as far as the eye could reach; and night's sable curtain was fast overshading the land, when the moon appeared from behind a cloud, where she had hitherto reposed, as if ashamed to mingle her feeble rays with even the declining brightness of the king of day. But now she shone without a rival, and seemed to cast an enchanting appearance over the whole scenery. Our road led across an elevated and mountainous tract of land, which had been the scene of actions, the recital of which will ever awaken, in the hearts of every American, feelings of the most lively interest, feelings that can perish only with the remembrance of his country's wrongs, and his country's triumph. After leaving the little village at which we had halted, we began to ascend the mountain, by a narrow winding passage of so steep an ascent, that the moon was but just above our horizon, although it had almost reached its meridian. At the height of three or four hundred feet a prospect opened upon us charming beyond description. The path by which we had gained this elevation, was formed from the channel of a mountain torrent which had just asserted its claim by sweeping away almost every vestige of the road. After toiling up this rugged path, a scene delightful as the one which now presented itself was indeed heart-cheering and acceptable. Before us lay spread out in all its beauty a large tract of highly cultivated table-land, two or three miles in length, and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in breadth. Two lofty ridges of the mountain skirted its sides, and uniting at the extremity of the plain formed an amphitheatre truly grand, and sublime. Nothing broke the universal stillness of the scene but the distant notes of the whippoor-will, which, when echoed from the opposite heights, tended still more to throw over the whole an air of fiction, and romance.

Scarcely could I persuade myself that I was not in some of the fairy regions which poets write of, and surveying scenery which existed only in the poet's brain. Our road lay directly through the plain; and by the weakness of borrowed light we were unable to survey the more minute objects of nature; yet this imperfection was more than compensated by the charm which was thrown over the rest of the picture. As we approached the extremity of the plain, the road, inclining towards the right and leading directly under the brow of the mountain, entered a dark shadowy road, which brought to mind recollections widely different from those which had just occupied all my thoughts. Images of war, bloodshed, and death in its most horrid forms, now rose before me. My mind unconsciously reverted to former times, and my blood chilled within me when I remembered that fifty years since armies were here marshalled in dread array;—that here had been the bloody strife between men engaged in the work of mutual destruction;—that these woods had echoed, and re-echoed with the war-whoop of the infuriated savage;—that here he had watched his prey, and in the hour of success had severed the mangled limbs, and drank the blood of his hapless victim;—that here many unfortunate beings whom the chance of war had thrown into the power of enemies, "whose tender mercies are cruel," had writhed and agonized at the stake amid the hellish joy and shouts of their inhuman tormenters. As we passed along, the thick deep wood circumscribed our prospect within limits so narrow that, except a view of the elevated ridge upon our right hand which now and then appeared jutting over our heads, nothing could be seen by us save the gentle queen of night, riding in unclouded splendor among the lesser lights of heaven; who, as she lighted up our path, rendered the darkness on either side still more impervious. And so entirely did thoughts of other days and recollections of what had been take possession of my mind, that but a slight effort of the imagination was necessary to change the dim shadows around us into living, breathing, moving forms of terror.

After riding almost a mile in this lonely and to me gloomy wood, we came, unexpectedly, to an opening, where a prospect the most grand and beautiful burst upon us at once; and in an instant, as though by magic art, banished from my mind every unpleasant feeling and recollection, and drew out my whole soul in silent gaze upon the scene before me. The lofty pile of threatening rocks upon our right which had long been the boundary to our vision in that quarter, still continued its course, and now reared its towering head several hundred feet above us; and the fragments which had been broken from its side under the all corroding hand of time, now, in great numbers, strewed its base, and sometimes almost blocked up our passage, while the side of the mountain exhibited evident tokens of the wide spread ruin which marked their downward course; but upon the left a most delightful metamorphosis had taken place. That part of the mountain which had hitherto

bounded our view in that direction, had now disappeared, and an extensive plain two or three hundred feet below us, chequered with now and then a pleasant grove, stretched far away to our left. And, to crown the scene, the bright rays of the moon fell upon the tranquil and unruffled bosom of a neighboring lake which extended through the plain before us, and exhibited here and there upon its bright surface the empty sails of vessels eager to catch the slightest breeze that might waft them them to their ports. Every thing seemed calculated to charm and captivate. Things which in open day would have been passed unheeded, now put on a beauty and an interest, which beggars the power of description. Never, in her loftiest flights, had imagination presented to me a scene so delightful and picturesque. Often had I been where loftier mountains elevate their cloud-capt summits—where precipices hang in more terrific grandeur, where more extensive plains spread their beauties before the eye, and where larger bodies of water lay beneath the admiring gaze of the traveller; but never had I beheld a picture so complete, or scenery so delightful as the present. Involuntarily I exclaimed, O! for the skill of some master painter to sketch to the life the objects before me, clothed in all that enchanting beauty which now seems spread over them. But no: the pencil of a Raphael would be unequal to the task. He might sit, and gaze, and feel, and while unutterable emotions thrilled through his inmost soul he might attempt to draw the picture. But here art, with all her boasted strength, must yield to the omnipotence of nature, simple and unadorned. And he that would enjoy to their full extent the beauties of a moonlight scene, must see for himself. VAGRANT.

Items of News.

Ireland.—The excitement in this country was increasing, and the new lord lieutenant had found it necessary to issue his proclamation to prevent public meetings. Mr O'Connel made a public entry into Dublin on the 19th of December, when 5,000 persons collected to receive him. He is still going on with his project of repealing the union.

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France.—The French Government has passed through a crisis of imminent peril. The exministers' trial was completed on the 21st Dec.; they were sentenced to be stripped of their titles and honors, and to perpetual imprisonment. This disappointed the populace of Paris, who thirsted for their blood. Had it not been for the great loyalty and firmness of the national guards, they would have been successful, and another revolution must have followed. General *Lafayette* having resigned the command of the national guards, *count Lobau* was appointed his successor. Several of the French ministry had also resigned. General Lafayette was actively employed during the ferment in suppressing the excitement; he was to be seen every where addressing the crowds of persons. Many of the rioters had been arrested. The king of the French received the resignation of Lafayette with feelings of the deepest regret, and made an effort to induce him to assume the command again, but without success.

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Russia.—The emperor of Russia had appointed *field marshal count Diebitsch* the commander in chief of the army to operate against the Poles, and had determined on reducing them to subjection. It was reported in the London exchange, of disturbances having broken out in St. Petersburgh, which is said to have been confirmed by the latest letters of the date 4th December. The Russian bonds had consequently fallen, Prince Galitez, a minister of state, had been banished, for urging the people on to insurrection. The emperor and most of the nobles, rumor said, had left St. Petersburgh. The military governor of that city had issued a proclamation.

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Belgium.—The five great powers of Europe had acknowledged the independence of this country, and affairs appeared settling down into a state of quiet.

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The people of Rome were in arms, and demanded a constitution.

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Though the affairs of Greece were yet unsettled, the people had peace, and their sufferings were much reduced. They cultivate their fields with a reasonable hope that they may reap the harvest.

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The death of Bolivar is pretty much confirmed by recent advices from South America:—which event, it is thought, will do much towards restoring tranquillity and good order to the several departments of Colombia. We subjoin a paragraph from the close of his last decree to the people of Colombia, signed at the camp of Haciendo.

"*Colombians*—I leave you: but my last prayers are offered up for the tranquillity of Colombia; and if my death will contribute to this desirable end by a discontinuance of party feeling, and consolidate the union, I shall descend with feelings of contentment into the tomb, which will soon be prepared for me."

MARRIED,

In New-Haven, Mr Everett Holley Jr. to Miss Evelina Saxton.—Also, Mr Andrew Lyttle to Mrs Mary Scott. In Addison, Mr Ira Warner to Miss Lucy Blinn of Willsborough, N. Y.—Also, Mr Jacob B. Bliss of Ferrisburgh to Miss Laura M. Warner, second daughter of Mr Clark Warner. In Weybridge, Mr Elijah Ring to Miss Lovina Sturtevant, both of Huntington. In Salem, N. Y. Doct John S. Cleveland to Miss Chloe H. daughter of Hon. J D. Butler of Rutland.

DIED,

In this village, 13th inst. Edward Clinton, son of Mr J. S. Hotchkiss, aged 3 years.—Also, in this town, Wm. Brewster Esq. of Weybridge, aged 58.

Levant Constitution Cyane

View of the action between the U.S. Frigate Constitution & the British ships Cyane & Levant